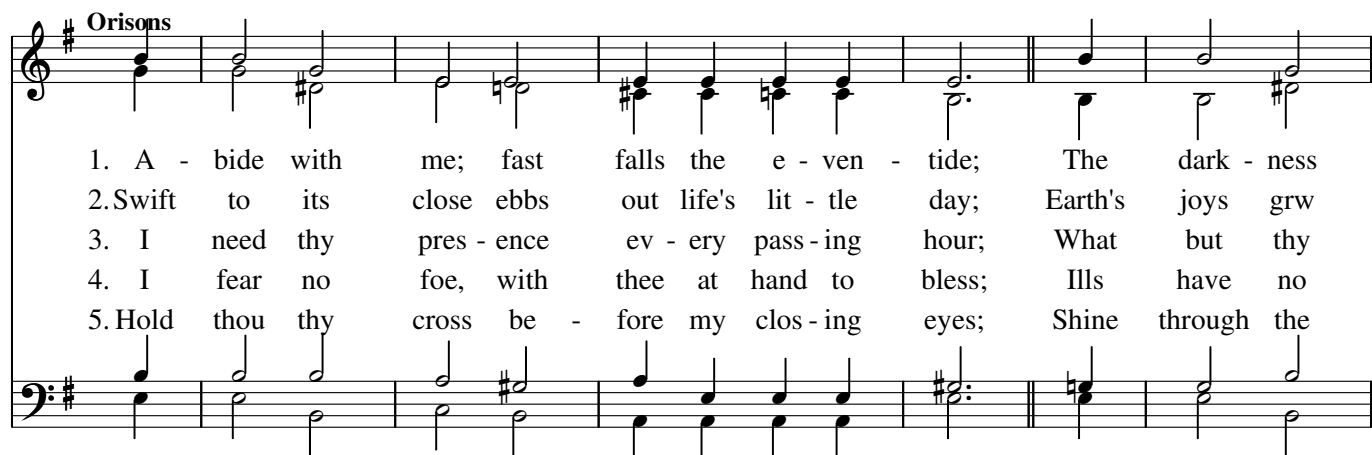


Henry Francis Lyte  
(1793-1847)

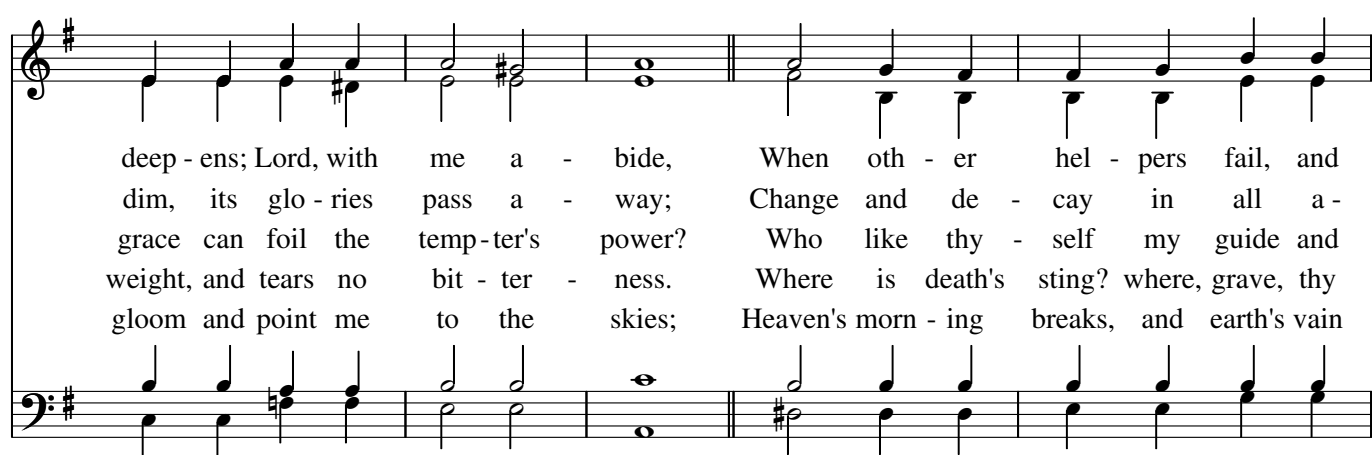
# Abide with me

S. S. Wesley  
(1810-76)

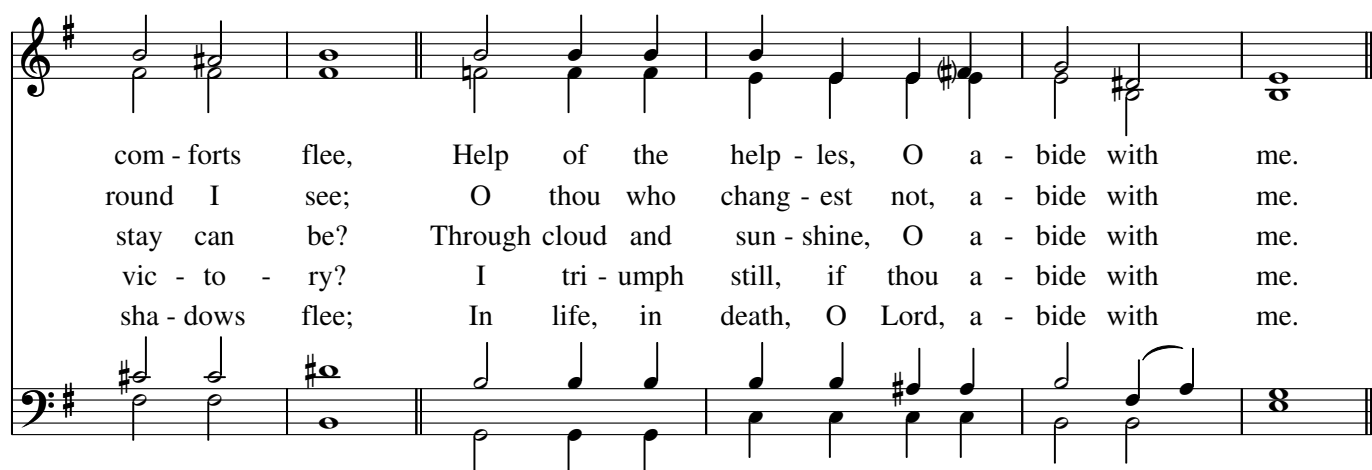
**Orisons**



1. A - bid with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but thy  
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no  
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid, When oth - er hel - pers fail, and  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -  
grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and  
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain



com - forts flee, Help of the help - les, O a - bid with me.  
round I see; O thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me.  
stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bid with me.  
vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bid with me.  
sha - dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.